I supported the $25 billion with strong restructuring language for the auto industry in the continuing resolution we passed a month ago. I will need to be convinced that adding funding will not only save jobs but the industry leaders will take seriously the issue of restructuring and work to reinvigorate an industry that continues to teeter on the brink of failure.

I am also, I have to say, very concerned about the blame being laid at the feet of the hard-working men and women in this industry. The auto industry's current financial industry crisis is the result of many financial factors, not the result of the cost of employee health care and negotiated contract benefits upon which numerous working families and retirees depend.

If the Federal Government, funded by working and taxpaying families, is expected to explore financial aid to ailing corporations, then I expect to hear about sacrifices industry management will make during these tough times. I am very hopeful we can do that.

A month ago this Congress came together and passed a bill to help restore stability in our financial markets. Well, we need this bill to provide stability for our communities and for our working families at home. We need it to help the most vulnerable among us to keep food on their table and a roof over their head.

We need it to help unemployed workers pay the bills while they start another job search. We need it so that we can create jobs, invest in our communities, and support new developments in sustainable and emerging industries.

We can start solving this economic crisis now. We can provide our families with the help they need for the holidays and before this economic situation gets worse. I hope our colleagues will join together, work across party lines, pass this stimulus bill, and offer hope this year to millions of struggling families across this country.

I yield the floor, and I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. DURBIN. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. MENENDEZ). Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. DURBIN. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to speak in morning business.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

TRIBUTE TO STUDS TERKEL

Mr. DURBIN. Mr. President, I want to take a few minutes to say thank you and farewell to a Chicago legend and a national treasure.

Studs Terkel—author, actor, television pioneer, civil rights champion, law school graduate, social historian, jazz critic, disc jockey, champion of little guys and all the underdogs in America—died quietly in his Chicago North Side home on October 31. Studs was 96 years old.

His interviews over 50 years with the celebrated and the uncelebrated made him famous around the world. But there was no place on Earth where he was better known or loved than in Chicago, his adopted hometown.

When he turned 95 in 2007, Chicago threw a party, complete with a skywriting plane that proclaimed: ''Happy Birthday, Studs.'' No last name was needed.

What was remarkable, however, is not how many Chicagoans knew him by his first name, but how many Chicagoans Studs knew by their first names.

After Studs died, a British journalist recalled a day he spent with Studs more than a decade ago when Studs was still doing his syndicated radio program 5 days a week at WFMT in downtown Chicago. This person wrote:

> The journey to and from [Stud's] office was through a subterranean labyrinth of corridors and shopping arcades linking the WFMT building with the tower containing the luncheon club. Beside the elevator door was an Irish attendant he knew, and they burst into song. Then there was an extraordinary ritual, involving an employee at Johnny's Shoe Shine. ''Another day!'' bellowed Terkel from quite a distance. ''Another triumph!'' boomed back the reply.

Forget Sinatra. Chicago was Studs Terkel's kind of town. He loved Chicago because, in his words, ''Chicago is the country. It is America; it is a metaphor for everything.''

Elizabeth Taylor, the Chicago Tribune's literary editor and one of his good friends, said Studs Terkel ''was Chicago and everything good about the literary world—make that the world in general.'' I agree.

The last time I saw him was about 2 months ago at a bookstore in Chicago. Studs was signing copies of his second to last book, a wonderful memoir called ''Touch and Go.'' He wore his trademark red-checkered shirt. The bookstore was packed with people. Studs was nearly deaf by then, but if he looked straight at you, he could tell what you were saying. But that is what he was doing—still listening, listening, listening to everyone who approached him.

It was a slow moving line as we waited to have our books autographed. I waited more than an hour to say hello and get my book signed, but I am glad I did.

''Calling [Studs Terkel] a 'writer and broadcaster' would be like calling Louis Armstrong a 'trumpeter' or the Empire State Building an 'office block.' Strictly and sparsely speaking, it is true.'' So read his obituary in London's Guardian newspaper.

On radio, TV, and more than a dozen books, Studs Terkel interviewed some of the most famous of the 20th century—Simone de Beauvoir, Margot Fonteyn, Arthur Miller, John Kenneth Galbraith, Tennessee Williams, Margaret Mead, Leonard Bernstein, Louis Armstrong, Buster Keaton, Marlon Brando, Bob Dylan, Aaron Copeland, Zero Mostel, Mahalia Jackson, James Baldwin, and the list goes on and on.

He interviewed a 90-year-old Bertrand Russell in a village in North Wales during the 1962 Cuban missile crisis and almost erased the tape of their conversation because he was pretty clumsy with his tape recorder. Studs never overcame that ineptitude. He said it was actually an asset because it made the people he interviewed want to help him.

But it was Studs Terkel's interviews with ordinary Americans, not celebrities, that set him apart. What guided his work? Studs said: ''The principle is that ordinary people have extraordinary thoughts—I've always believed that—and that ordinary people can speak poetically.''

Accepting an honorary National Book Award medal in 1997, he said:

> When the Chinese Wall was built, where did the masons go for lunch? When Caesar conquered Gaul, was there not even a cook in the army? And here's the big one, when the Armada sank, you read that King Philip wept. Were there no other tears?
>
> That's what I believe oral history is about. It's about those who shed those other tears, who on rare occasions of triumph laughed that other laugh.

By talking and listening to ordinary Americans, Studs Terkel harvested what the Economist magazine called ''not only the most complete American history of this century, but the most compassionate.''

''De Tocqueville with a tape recorder,'' is what the Times of London called him.

Robert Coles, professor of psychiatry at Harvard, told the L.A. Times:

> I think he was the most extraordinary social observer this country has ever produced.

Said his son Dan, Studs ''led a long, full, eventful, sometimes tempestuous but very satisfying life.''

He was born in the Bronx on May 16, 1912, a month after the Titanic sank. He used to like to say: ''I came up when she'd gone down.''

His real name was Louis. He took the name ''Studs'' in the twenties, after Studs Lonigan, the protagonist of James T. Farrell's 1930s novels about an Irish kid from Chicago's South Side.

His father Samuel was a tailor. His mother Anna was a seamstress who moved to America from Poland.

The Terkel family moved to Chicago in 1922 after his father suffered a heart ailment. They ran a rooming house at Wells and Grand.

It was there in a small park nearby formally known as Washington Square but better known as Bughouse Square—a place, Studs said, ''where free speech is the power and the glory''—where he first met the workers and activists who would shape his view of the world and fill up his books and tapes.

He graduated from the University of Chicago with degrees in philosophy and

law in 1934 but did not care to work as a lawyer. Instead, after a brief stint as a civil servant in Washington, he joined the Work Projects Administration's Federal Writers' Project, writing radio scripts.

Soon he was acting in radio soaps. Usually, he was the voice of the gangster.

He served a year in the Army Air Corps but was discharged after a year because of perforated eardrums.

He landed his own TV show at the beginning of the television age, the pioneering ''Studs Place'' but lost it after a few seasons when he was blacklisted during the dreaded McCarthy era.

In the early 1950s, he hooked up with WFMT, a new arts station in Chicago. It was the start of a great partnership. His syndicated radio talk show, ''The Studs Terkel Program,'' ran on WFMT every weekday from 1952 to 1997—45 years.

He played a sports reporter in the 1988 film ''Eight Men Out,'' about the Chicago Black Sox scandal of 1919. And he continued to write almost to the day he died.

He was, said an obituary by the Associated Press, ''an old rebel who never mellowed, never retired, never forgot, and 'never met a picket line or petition' he didn't like.''

What made him so good? Bob Minzeshimer, a USA Today reporter who knew him, said:

He had the listening skills of a psychologist, the timing of a comic, the curiosity of a scholar, and the gravelly voice of a boxing promoter.

He wrote with honesty, empathy, eloquence, and humor. Above all, he wrote with real respect for the people he interviewed.

As the writer for the Economist said, ''Talking to Mr. Terkel, the copyboy or the short-order clerk or the welfare mother felt, at last, like somebody. They counted; they had possibilities.''

His first book, ''Giants of Jazz,'' was published in 1957. Nearly a decade passed before he wrote another, but it was worth the wait. ''Division Street,'' released in 1966, contrasted rich and poor along that same Chicago street and won him international recognition.

Studs' best known book, ''Working,'' was published in 1974. In 1999, a panel of judges organized by the Modern Library, a book publisher, ranked ''Working'' as No. 54 on its list of the top 100 best English language works of the 20th century. He won a Pulitzer Prize in 1985 for ''The Good War: An Oral History of World War II.''

Among his other books are ''Hard Times: An Oral History of the Great Depression''; ''American Dreams: Lost and Found''; ''The Great Divide: Second Thoughts on the American Dream''; ''Race: How Blacks and Whites Think and Feel About the American Obsession''; ''Coming of Age: The Story of Our Century by Those Who've Lived It''; ''Will the Circle Be Unbroken? Reflections on Death, Rebirth''; ''Hope Dies Last: Keeping the Faith in Difficult Times''; ''Touch and Go''; and his final book, ''P.S. Further Thoughts from a Lifetime of Listening.'' They just released it last week. It was at his bedside when he passed away.

He received so many awards: a Peabody Award for excellence in journalism; the National Book Foundation Medal for contributions to American letters; the Pulitzer Prize for his book ''The Good War''; the Presidential Humanities Medal; the National Medal of Humanities; the Illinois Governor's Award for the Arts; and the Clarence Darrow Commemorative Award.

He was the only white writer to be inducted into the International Literary Hall of Fame for Writers of African Descent at Chicago State University.

But the recognition that meant the most to him didn't come from the media. It was comments from people he worked with, people whose eyes he opened. Like the man who stopped him on the Michigan Avenue bridge and told him that after reading the words of Delores Dante in ''Working,'' he was never going to be rude to a waitress again.

Besides Chicago, the other great love of Studs Terkel's life was his wife Ida, with whom he shared a happy marriage for 60 years until she passed away in 1999.

Mischievous to the end, Studs said he wanted to be cremated and have his ashes mixed with Ida's, and he wanted them both to be scattered in Bughouse Square. ''Scatter us there,'' he said. ''It's against the law (so) let 'em sue us.''

In ''Touch and Go,'' Studs Terkel worried that our Nation suffered from ''a national alzheimer's disease,'' as he said it, and a lack of historical perspective that made government the perceived enemy.

He believed that government ought to stand up for the little guy and hold the powerful accountable. He believed it because he had seen it before.

There would never be a good time to lose Studs Terkel but now seems like a particularly bad time for such a loss. Our economy is in crisis. Real people are hurting. Ordinary people who worked hard all their lives are watching their savings disappear. Millions of Americans are losing their jobs and their homes. They are seeing hundreds of billions of their tax dollars handed out to banks and to Wall Street, and I guess they are wondering: Is anybody in Government listening to them?

In these hard times, in this rare lameduck session of Congress, we in the Senate would do well to follow Studs Terkel's example: to listen not only to the wealthy and well connected but also to the quiet hopes and concerns of everyday Americans. As Studs Terkel showed in his immortal works, those everyday Americans are the soul and real strength of America.

Our condolences go out to Studs' and Ida's son Dan and to all who knew and loved Studs Terkel.

He stood only 5 feet 5 inches tall, with a slouch that made him look even shorter. But in Chicago and so many other places, Studs Terkel was a giant; and he will be greatly missed.

Mr. President, I yield the floor and suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. SCHUMER. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

ECONOMIC RECOVERY ACT

Mr. SCHUMER. Mr. President, I rise to speak about the Economic Recovery Act, which is a comprehensive stimulus package. We need it. Our Nation needs this. It is a much needed shot in the arm for our ailing economy. When the economy is ailing, there are two choices: We can choose the path of, say, Herbert Hoover and say: Government should not be involved, let an ideological straitjacket tie us up—We know what happened then—or we can choose the course economists on the left, the middle, and the right have said we should choose, which is we need a major stimulus package to get the economy going.

I would have hoped we would have made the choice to help this economy and help the millions of Americans who are worried. Hundreds of thousands have lost their jobs, millions more are worried about losing their jobs, and tens of millions see every week that the paycheck does not stretch as far as it did.

We face an economic crisis of a scale and scope that we have not experienced in 25 years, if not longer. By every measure we are headed toward a cliff. We are in the midst of the greatest housing crisis since the Great Depression. Unemployment has been rising rapidly and is expected to hit levels we have not seen at least since the early 1980s.

States and localities face massive budget shortfalls that may force them to raise property taxes unless Federal assistance is delivered. Families are running harder just to stand still, seeing their incomes shrink while their costs, especially their food and energy costs, are far greater than they were 1 year ago.

The credit contraction that has spread from the financial system to average households has pummeled American businesses in every part of the country, businesses big and small. Not even the most optimistic among us can argue that our economic problems will take care of themselves.

The question before us is: What are we, as stewards of the public trust, going to do? I believe the answer is clear: The Federal Government should, it must, provide an economic stimulus to Main Street as we have to Wall